

O'NEILL AND KOLCK HEAD CEE AY STAFF

EVANS AND WILLGING ARE
CHOSEN ASSISTANTS.

COLUMBIA VESTED CHOIR PLANS CONCERT FOR WEDNESDAY

Eight New Members Selected.

At a meeting of the present Cee Ay staff held last week, Paul O'Neill, Rickardsville, Iowa, and Richard Kolck of Dubuque were elected Editors-in-Chief of the Academy paper for the scholastic year of 1928-29. Herbert Willging and John Evans, both of Dubuque, were selected as assistant editors. All four are members of the Junior class. The honor in each case was well deserved. Since his entrance into the Academy last fall, Evans has made quite a reputation for himself as a writer for the Cee Ay, as well as winning the gold medal in the Academy Essay Contest. He specialized in Editorials for The Cee Ay. Kolck, Willging and O'Neill have been members of the Cee Ay staff since April of their Sophomore year, and have given sterling service, Kolck and O'Neill on general assignment and Willging in the editorial department.

Old Members Remain

Six other members of the present composing staff will retain their posts for next year: Paul Newhouse of Kenosha, Wis., Bernard Ash of Rockford, Ill.; John Lyons of Chicago, and James Kearns, Antonio Kerper and Joseph Palen, the other three of Dubuque. John Weidenfeller of River Forest, Ill., is retained as a typist, while the other two typists, John Fabish of Chicago, and Arthur Dixon of Rockford, Ill., are promoted to the composing staff.

Lose Skilled Men.

With this issue seven Senior members, most of whom have served the staff for two years or more, retire.

John Martin and Edmund Linehan, both of Dubuque, and Joseph Thmert of Remsen, Iowa, Editors-in-Chief during the year, have retired and, according to the faculty adviser, "been the inspiration of the most faithful and dependable as well as the most talented staff in the history of the Cee Ay."

Francis Cassidy and Thornton Arnan have also shown themselves able men, and have constantly proved as writers during their two years of service. Alfred Lorz and Charles Krieser have done good work in their one year on the staff. All four are Dubuque boys.

New Members Chosen.

When the call for tryouts was issued two weeks ago, twenty men responded by writing articles. That number was not large, but the quality of the articles submitted was excellent, and the number of vacancies was limited.

The old and new editors in conference with the faculty adviser, Mr. Churchill, selected eight

English Magazine
Reprints "Souvenir"

Linehan's Story Selected as Best Received.

Edmund Linehan's literary reputation is growing. Besides making the Saturday Evening Post, winning the gold medal in the Academy Short Story Contest, and being one of the star writers for the Cee Ay, he has spread his fame to foreign lands.

The editor of one of our exchanges "The Cryptian," from Crypt Grammar School, Gloucester, England, writes:

"We hope and believe that you will have no objection to our reprinting 'Souvenir.' We thought this short story to be one of the best in any magazine on our American exchange list.

"Please congratulate the author!"

"Souvenir" is the short story with which Linehan won the annual Academy Contest.

We do so congratulate you, Ed.

men: Michael Tornai of Gary, Ind., and seven Dubuque boys: Edward Schroeder, Edward Palen, Gordon Saunders, Harry Rosecrans, Milton Weimer, Edward Wehlage and George Toner. Tornai is a Junior, while Weimer and Rosecrans are Freshmen; the other five are Sophomores.

Pledged Members.

Because the competition was so keen, five other men were named as pledged members, to be given places at the first opportunity: John Neilson of Omaha, Nebr., Richard Barkley of Fergus Falls, Minn., Richard La Fond and James Harnois of Chicago, and Walter Giegerich of Dubuque.

Some of these may be taken on at once next September, if it is decided to enlarge the staff.

Will Appear in College Gym

The Columbia College Vested Choir has announced that it will appear in concert on May 23rd in the Loras Hall Gym, due to the numerous requests of the Dubuque public.

This should prove to be a high class entertainment as the reputation of the choristers has gained considerable recognition in musical circles. Undoubtedly the artistic achievements of the group of forty-four rest to a great extent upon the intensive efforts of Dr. Dress, who has directed the choir for many years.

The program will probably be in two parts, the first made up of sacred music, the second of some of the old English favorites interspersed with folk songs and Negro spirituals.

The artists have just returned from a short tour in northern Iowa, meeting with appreciative welcomes and many plaudits at Oelwein, Mason City, and New Hampton.

Cee Ay Staff Dinner

To Be Held Next Sunday

On Sunday, May 20, the members of the present Cee Ay Staff will hold their first Annual Dinner, at Gengler's Cafe.

A chicken dinner with all the trimmings will be the menu. After the inner man has been satisfied, informal talks for the diners will be given by members of the staff. The affair will be as zestful and as full of fun as anything held this year, and the students who have never tried out for the Cee Ay Staff will listen with envy to the description of the feast next Monday morning and wonder why they didn't have the ambition to get on the staff.

Dubuque Symphony Orchestra
In Concert On Monday Next

Silver Anniversary Program

The Dubuque Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Professor Schroeder, will be heard in its Annual Spring Concert, on Monday, May 21, at the College Auditorium.

This year's concert marks the 25th anniversary of the Orchestra's organization, and therefore the program planned is more elaborate than ever.

The personnel will consist of violin students of the Schroeder Conservatory and the students of the wind instruments at Columbia.

Among the soloists will be heard William Kelm, former Loras Hall student, at the piano; Professor Felix Bonifazzi and Mr. John Fecht playing a cornet and French horn duet; and Mr. Edwin Franzmier, the winner of the Illinois High School Violin Championship. Mr. Franzmier is a student of Professor Schroeder, and will be given his diploma Monday night.

The high light of the evening will be Beethoven's First Symphony, which is known as offering one of the most beautiful string actions in any of the works of this master.

Louis Runde of the Academy is in the Orchestra, having merited this distinction by his masterful work.

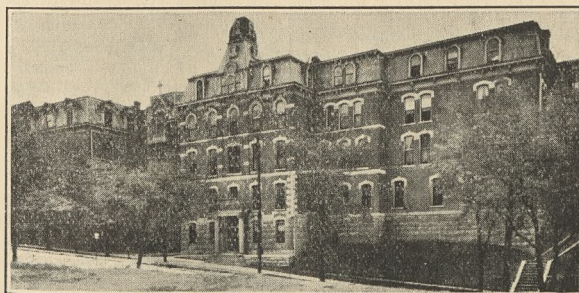
VALLEY SCHOOL MEET
AT LORAS TOMORROW

Tomorrow afternoon the first edition of the "Mississippi Valley Catholic High School Track and Field Meet" will be launched on Loras Field. This carnival promises to bring together the greatest galaxy of high school harriers ever assembled in these parts. Local prep records are almost sure to be shattered when the scores of athletes toe the mark.

In the role of host is Columbia Academy, inaugurating something new for Dubuque track fans. As its guests come Campion, St. Ambrose, Edgewood of Madison, St. Martin's of Cascade, Visitation of Keewanee, St. John's of Independence, St. Mary's of Clinton, St. Patrick's of Dougherty, and Sacred Heart of Waterloo.

Although information as to comparative strength is not available, the squads from these institutions are sure to furnish plenty of competition in all events. To the winners will go handsome trophies as rewards for their performances. Also there will be a suitable team award, and on this all eyes will be centered.

"WHERE I SPENT THOSE HAPPY DAYS"



ST. JOSEPH HALL

THE CEE-AY

Published biweekly by the Students of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Ia.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Edmund Linehan '28

Joseph Meinert '28

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Francis Cassidy '28
Charles Kreiser '28
Alfred Lorenz '28
John Evans '29
Bernard Nash '30

Paul Newhouse '29
Thornton Farnan '28
Paul O'Neill '29
Herbert Willging '29
John Martin '28

Richard Kolck '29
James Kearns '29
Joseph Palen '29
Angelo Kerper '29
John Lyons '31

TYPISTS

Arthur Dixon '31

John Fabish '30

John Weidenfeller '31

EDITORIAL

CHOOSING A SCHOOL

What am I going to do next year? This is a big question for many students. There are those who have decided to work, but a large number wish for a higher education. Here lies the difficulty. What sort of school will you choose? The choice will be between a Catholic and a secular institution.

Perhaps it is a bigger question among parents. In bygone years parents were led to believe that the Catholic schools and colleges were not as well equipped as the secular institutions to train their children.

But this argument never did stand up. Now it is down and out of the question. Catholic schools and colleges now are at a par, and in many cases, far superior to the leading non-sectarian schools in turning out well-trained young men and women. They have the equipment and the religious training that is so necessary to the development of the young man and woman of to-day.

Some parents are liable to slight the Catholic school for the social or other imaginary advantages of the non-Catholic institution. People possessed with this idea should be urged to study the matter more closely and learn of the advantages of a Catholic school training. E. B. '28

THE SAVING SENSE

The man with a good sense of humor makes this old world of ours a home of smiles, grins and merry chuckles. He is the cream for the coffee, the salt for the celery, and the pork for the beans. He makes this earth a place where we can really "LIVE."

Imagine the futility of life if all of us were crabs, cats and cranks. Existence would be nothing less than a series of long faces and false teeth. Fortunately we face no such situation. But we have among us a few of those detestable chumps, who cannot swallow a joke without tasting an insult; who go about with sandy eyes and drooping mouths—poor victims of self-pity.

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

T. H.

BOOST

The time has arrived when we are "counting the days," and soon we shall leave the Academy, many forever. We hope that, whether you are returning or not, you will keep the Columbia spirit; it doesn't end with merely cheering the teams and supporting various activities, but should continue as an ever-present influence making you a credit to Columbia. Keep this spirit. Don't go about knocking this or that incident occurring at school; instead, boost. You cheered for the teams; why not for the school? In your activities remember your school. Remember you are a Columbian and that by your actions you shape the opinions of others. Be sure to make the opinion good. Keep the Columbia spirit, and boost by your words and by your actions. R. K. '29

THE LAST WORD

We bid you adieu, success, and good luck. This is the last issue of this year's Cee Ay and the final publication for the present staff. It is our wish and hope that the Cee Ay will continue to merit your interest, to progress and expand. We extend our thanks to all the professors and all the students whose aid, interest, and cooperation made our term a success. Again we bid you farewell—not good-bye. The Staff—per T. J. F.

Nine Men To Receive Basketball Letters

Coach Cretzmeyer yesterday announced for publication the list of those who will receive letters for their work in basketball. Nine men will receive the awards: Captain Eddie Kolfenbach, Elmer Conforti, Emmett Schwartz, Captain-elect Eddie Sheehan, Delmar Linn, Michael Tornai, Thomas Knox, James McGuinn, and George Barkley.

New talent has been discovered in the Academy! Unknown to us Columbia has been harboring a professional "caller" for barn dances. Who? Why none other than Larry Baldus, our own "Salesman" of Sweetmeats, and you should hear him sing "Take her hard; swing her around" or however it goes.

John Evans, having but two weeks experience, drove some of the choir on their trip. They'll need more than voice insurance.

MEMORIES.

Across the Mississippi

At times I'm wont to gaze
And though the day be overcast,
I see right through the haze.

The view I see has mem'ries

Of days of long ago,
Of when the hills were battlefields
Untouched by man or hoe.

The knolls I see the graves are
Of Indian braves long dead,
But the mounds have been distorted
By miners of crude lead.

Yet still the mem'ries linger,
As mentally I portray
The bloody redskin battles
Before the white man's day.
Thornton Farnan '28

IN THE CEMETERY AT KEY WEST.

Here, where the lingering melodies
Of soft and silvery voices
Sigh through the drooping pine,
And play a gentler note upon the
bars
That guard the entrance to the
snow vault;
Here, where the wounds that scar
the breast
Of gentle earth heal slowly, o'er
Some silent now made brother,
And decorate his quilt with emerald
green,
A gentle uncle has found the Nature
That he so loved before.
Beneath the sweetness of quivering
lilacs
And the decorous monument,
His peace remains sweet peace.
Edward Schroeder '30

THE WANDERLUST.

I hear the call of the wanderlust,
To hie myself out and away,
To follow the trails the pioneers
did,
Forever and a day.

It's a strong, strong call that haunts
me;
It never lets me rest;
It draws me away from those I love,
And those who love me best.

But I'll answer the voice that calls
me,
Until sometime soon I know
A stronger one will bid me
To leave this earth below.

And that stronger voice will lead me
To an everlasting home,
Where all is joy and happiness
And whence I'll never roam.
Joseph Palen '29

2 A Makes "Grand Slam"

In the third and last of the Second Academic Declamatory Contests, held last Wednesday, the representatives of 2 A: Edward Palen, Milton Manley, and Gordon Saunders, scored a "grand slam" over the representatives of the other divisions, taking first place in all three selections.

Harlan Melchior, Howard Christ, Roman Heinrich, Donald Fischer, and George Bahl were the other contestants. John Thomas was found wanting.

The judges were Ellis Butler, Joseph Stemm and Father Duggan.

DRESS PARADE

Being a Review of the Fourth

Schwartz, Emmy—is a very track and basketball man and knows Kearns; looks classy sionally; always grinning.

Seymour, Jerry—says he is Lon Chaney. How can he be? always Jerry—happy, irresponsible.

Sherman, Ray—big, powerful, dream and may not. What dream knows what he dreams, or who wonder—and wondering is all dreaming; what do I wonder? the same, Ray has the good sports and class work.

Schmitz, George (Smitty)—is a student manager. It takes a little matter to do this job. He has a lot of it to work and done right. Brains in athletics—always able to find the key to the gym or locker.

Sims, John—a sunlight, maroon; red; sorrel and then some. Yet spite of his head-i-cap, John's time for football, some studies, a few sweet young things. A sizeable chap.

Specht, Francis—from the not really, though. Given to and gross exaggerations and stray instances. Always ear almost convincing.

Stemm, Joe—Denny makes takes and lots of acquaintance varies from serious to carelessness. Kinda fetching Irish way.

Sutton, Nick—studies hard, even answers right occasionally that. Quiet, serious; reads something besides comics in papers; tates and the like of that.

Tangney, Ed—from Chicago; "tuff"; likes swagger. Capable class and intramural sports. Caring; courteous; well liked.

Theobald, Jack—something Tag. Quiet; at times seems serious but can't be; sporty with all spirit of ambition—umpire, know.

Walter, Joe—business like. Whether it's yes or no, it's yes with Ha! Good! He's a good skater fact he holds city honors. Like tell what the other fellow drank about the time he made his last in.

And so endeth the parade of Tin Gods. For each Senior presents to some one an ideal. Unconsciously he has played his part done well. Next year under men will have another set of Soldiers to parade through the ridors, feeling upity, and proving them either to awe or mirth. Still other Parade will go on; an age passing. We leave a few new and our picture in the corridor Reservoir!"

EXCHANGES

We wish to thank the editors of all the magazines and papers we have exchanged with us during the present scholastic year. We have learned not a little from some of them, and the progress of our school has given us much encouragement. Space does not permit us to list individual acknowledgments. We thank you, each and every one, and hope to have you on our list next year.

Columbus Returns to America

He rubbed his eyes; surely he was dreaming. Was this not the frowning, rockbound coast he had discovered just a few years before—or at least when did he discover it? It seemed very long ago now, very vague and unintelligible. Ah yes, he remembered the long search for backers to finance his epoch-making voyage, the tumultuous storms, both Nature and in the hearts of his sailors; then the discovery of the new Land, the journey home, the thunderous reception, the successive voyages, and did he not lie in chains dejected, despired, alone?

And yet he did not understand. In yes, to be sure, he had just left a happier world, a world of peace and rest, a land which he called heaven. Now he was back in the old humdrum life in the year of our Lord 1926.

He turned again to the coast; in its place stood a prosperous city. He walked toward it and found himself being carried by some unseen power, with incredible speed, to the metropolis. He was filled with a great awe as he passed about the streets; the buildings rose to a great height, colossal yet stately, massive yet beautiful. He passed about the thoroughfares, unnoticed, unheeded. Someone approached him, but then the someone came closer, and—passed through him! He winced himself; he felt it not. He was a spirit!

The people shot up and down in strange black vehicles, at a speed that in his day would have been tremendous, yet compared to his own was snail-like.

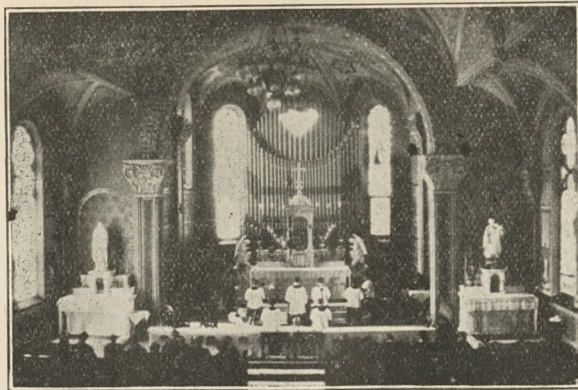
He asked himself a question. What did these people worship? Were they pagans? As if in answer he found himself borne up and up, far above the haunts of man.

Far in the distance were great peaks, then rolling prairies, and then he found himself descending. Like a plummet he dropped, and found himself before a great amphitheater that put to shame the Colosseum of Rome. Like millions of ants, men swarmed to the stadium. Columbus drew nearer.

Great pennants flew in the breeze, the papal colors, Purple and Gold! Still he approached, and suddenly he saw those millions falling on their knees; they were adoring some god! Now the center round which this great portion of humanity had gathered was very close. It was the Eucharistic Congress.

Clear and distinct on the morning air floated the awful words, "Hoc est Enim Corpus Meum." A great joy filled his soul, as he with the living and the dead, saints, sinners and sufferers, adored his God. He became aware of countless legions of beautiful creatures fluttering about the altar; he thought of the endless souls in Purgatory, their suffering alleviated, some perhaps, beautiful and brilliant now passing through the Pearly Gates; he pitied the tortured ones in the Eternal Flames of Hell, beating their breasts and bemoaning their fate.

He heard a great blowing of trum-



THE HEART OF COLUMBIA

"Come unto Me all you who labor, and I will refresh you." It is with these words of our Lord upmost in mind that one turns his footsteps toward the chapel. At least they were uppermost in my mind as I first entered it several years ago. The last mellow rays of the setting sun were streaming through the stained glass windows and bathing the whole interior with a golden radiance.

The main altar, immaculately white and bedecked with roses, looked indeed a fit place for the "Divine One." Behind the altar, rising like ramparts, could be seen the pipes of the organ, and as the atmosphere of the place pervaded him, one could almost fancy that he heard the melodious voices rising in praise to God.

As one momentarily takes his eyes off the central altar he sees, like beautiful sentinels, the statues of Mary and Joseph forming side altars within the threshold of the sanctuary. And along the side walls, in crypt-like places, are four other altars bearing up the images of saints.

Everything is serene and quiet; there is an atmosphere of sanctity and holiness; and all focuses toward the main altar where He is, the Prisoner of Love.

As my reverie left me I could only say that this is the heart of Columbia—the chapel and its constant Occupant.

—Joseph Kirk '28

pets, Gabriel and Michael; Virtues, Powers, Seraphim and Cherubim singing the endless praises of "Glory to God in the Highest." He heard the rustling of celestial garments; now the altar was wreathed in a halo of dazzling light; he saw a glorified Christ upon the altar of Human Love.

Then that Christ was consumed, and Columbus found himself being carried away from the scene of the Sacrifice. He smiled; this land was Christian. And his thoughts went back to the old channels of years gone by. Was the earth round? What land was this if it was not the Orient?

Again he found himself rushing upward; the earth was fast receding, and in a few short seconds he saw it to be a great sphere, turning on its axis and hurtling to some unknown destination with the whole solar system toward the Milky Way.

He looked closely and identified the Mediterranean sea, Italy—the land of his birth—and Spain—the land from which he began his eventful voyage. He traced his route westward, and there, across the ocean, stretched a great continent, America! It was into this he had sailed, and thus the Orient was not reached in that direction. The Great Mystery was solved. He had not found the East, but a New World, whose inhabitants must always pay its discoverer respect and veneration.

He waved his hand in blessing; then shot through the air, a great trail of glory. People on the earth said it was a comet. Then the battlements, jasper and gold, of Heaven drew near, and with them the Pearly Gates with St. Peter beckoning now. In a moment he was back to his Eternal Reward.

Milton Weimer '31

In Which It Appears that a Fireside Reverie Is Not an Essay

(Apropos a statement of Mr. A. C. Benson that an essay is a soliloquy uttered as one sits before a fire.)

Someone has said that a house is not a home unless it embosoms an open hearth, and that, however paradoxical in our present Age of Advancement, I believe is so.

On a chilly, evergreen-scented wintry night, there is nothing more cheering than to come home, fatigued and cold, and see, in its soot-blackened receptacle a flaming and crackling fire; to breathe in its warmth and vigor; and to forget my worries as I look into its laughing protean countenance. As I gaze into the fire a sense of tranquility comes over me, and I forget the harrowing grind of living, and sink into a dreamy lethargy.

I see romance in that brick-imprisoned fire—the romance of a continuous struggle of man against the elements. In this contest, I muse, fire has been his chief ally, forgetting in my reverie that it is also the most treacherous of allies.

I recall that the redoubtable troglodyte—caveman, if you will—provided for his family a shelter, and, crude though it was, a fireplace. At sunset, when he had trudged phlegmatically home with his burden of slain roe, his first care was that the fire, in its rude niche of stone slabs, was well refueled, that fire which, because the secret of its ignition was known, by custom, only to his wife, he never neglected, that unfathomable something that cooked his food, protected him from beasts and kept him warm. . . .

My mind flies over unknown eons,

and alights in the dim crepuscular days of ancient Rome. Even then the precious element had a special place of veneration and protection, so highly did the Romans prize it. I see the soft-footed, white and blue-robed, wistful Virgins of Vesta moving about its altar, adding to its sacrosanct flames the carefully chosen chips of Sandalwood. . . .

As if by magic, an hiatus of ages is passed by and the mystically carved altar in the Temple of Vesta becomes transformed, and I see in its stead an old-fashioned, enameled oak New England fireplace. I think of the forests of logs that have been there "reduced to dust, warming generations of men now cold."

And the fire grows moribund, its shadows lengthen and become softer. . . . Then, a confusion of sparks and pungent smoke . . . a scrunching of charred wood . . . a new log and new flames. My visions have fled, but cheer and warmth linger. . . .

John D. Evans '29.

OUR OWN MISSISSIPPI

Teller of History, Pride of a Nation, and Father of Waters, wending your way majestically and tirelessly down through the Epochs of Time; what tales you might relate, what stories unfold, had God deemed it fitting that your singing and your laughter, your beauty and your message be thoroughly intelligible to Man.

If you could but speak, what volumes, yes, libraries, might be filled with your words of enlightenment, words that to us would be the missing spokes in the great Wheel of History.

Little do we who inhabit this vast land through which you spread your great expanse, know concerning the ancients who lived here before us, who may have seen the rise, the progress, and the fall of mighty nations and empires. When one looks back over the few hundreds of years that America has been known to Man, and then compares those several centuries to the several thousands, even hundreds of thousands of years that have gone before, four hundred years seem then but one drop in the great Ocean of Time.

But you, Pride of Our Nation, have witnessed all; locked up in the channels of your being are the unreadable documents of History. There are the solutions of our unsolved mysteries; and there they will remain forever, while you, Father of Waters, always coming, always going, but never departing, unceasingly wend your way on toward the mighty Sea of Evermore.

—Paul O'Neill '29

THE DRAMA OF DAY.

The curtain of night was falling,
Closing the drama of day;
The actors were tired and weary
After the tedious play.

They had acted their best for the climax,

And now that the same was past,
Each of them praised the other,
The extras least but not last.

For the extras help make the actors;
The actors make the play.

And at the end they're happy,
When curtains close the day.

Bernard Nash '30

Romanticist and Realist

Here we have two types of mental phenomenon as distinctly apart as the dynamic and static forces of Kant, and as dissimilar as the optimist and pessimist. In fact, the latter comparison is more fitting than it might at first appear, for is not the realist a species of pessimist, and is not the romanticist the most optimistic of his kind?

Of course we do not refer to our neighbor as belonging to either of these classes, for it is chiefly in writers that the distinction is made. This is the case because it is only in literature that such tendencies can be clearly discerned.

Both, to state it plainly, are rather fanatical, the degree and kind of said chauvinism depending, of course, on the one to which you direct your partiality. The one sees things as they supposedly are; the other looks at life as he would like to have it. To decide which is the greater evil would be difficult, but it is certain that the romanticist is the most necessary one, as well as, it is usually agreed, the most pleasing. For, latent and probably unknown, there slumbers in everyone a kind of romantic idealism which the romanticist awakens with his subtle touches of glamour.

The essential difference, I repeat, is in the viewpoint. It is like looking through a telescope. The one might use the smaller end and see the objective more distantly, while the other, using the other lens, might see more closely, yes, but the picture is clouded by the sordidness of the realities of life. The romanticist, observing an old castellated barracks of no particular grandeur, sees a feudal castle surmounting a rock-cleft tor, its grey shafts and buttresses rising ethereally toward the somber sky; the stagnant moat and boar-hunt before it; a calvacade trundling across the iron-cleated drawbridge only to be stopped by the forbidding portcullis; and up in a little window is the fragile figure of the princess brutally constrained there by a debauched baron. But his brother the realist sees only an old stone building, woefully in need of repair, and a terrible scar on the quaint face of the countryside.

The whole matter, it seems depends largely on the imagination. In fact, were it not for that faculty, the romanticist could not exist.

But it is not to be inferred that I am favoring the romanticist. As necessary as he is to take our minds off of ourselves and our troubles, almost as requisite is the realist to counteract the otherwise fatal effects of his more exotic brother.

John D. Evans '29

OCTOBER.

In October, dear October,
The smiling days begin to sober;
The dainty flowers droop their heads,
And soon repair to winter beds.
The autumn leaves now change their dress
From festive hue to somberness;
First to russet, then to brown,
And then they totter slowly down.
So with us; we droop and die.....
But then eternal life on high.

Joseph Meinert '28

FATHER

That is precious word. Many times has it been uttered, by thankful and ungrateful, sorrowful and joyful, by dying and those in the bloom of youth, sick and hearty, rich and poor, by the crying and laughing of many nations.

Before Christ and after Christ, down through the centuries, has this word been uttered. Perhaps you have a father, a gentle kind and affectionate man, with graying hair. Or perhaps he is young and sporty, enjoying shows, clubs and the like. Maybe your father has baggy pants; his face may be covered with a second day's growth of beard; he may have streaks of grouchiness, and his tin dinner pail may be full of dents and doughnuts, but don't call him "the old man"; he's your father.

All your life he's been striving towards your betterment, working and saving to give you a start, helping you in every way to advance in school and in your habits. Never has he failed to do the right thing by you. He has received the love and life friendship of the greatest woman on earth, your mother.

J. B. N., '30

ALARMS

The ringing of a bell quite a distance away gently roused me from the caressing arms of Morpheus. Thinking it was the 7:45 train, which I have to catch to get to the office at 8:30, I "came to" slowly. The ringing of the bell became louder until at last it seemed to be almost at my side. My dull senses told me the train didn't come that close to the house, and finally it registered on my clouded brain that the supposed 7:45 train was no other than that which wrecks slumber--the alarm clock.

As everybody wants to get a little more sleep, I rolled over for another "snooze," but that infernal alarm clock continued its call. At last I reached out, grabbed said alarm clock, and threw it with all my power. Hearing the tinkling of broken glass, I quickly sat up in bed, just in time to see the alarm clock pass from view through the shattered window.

A second later a roar ascended from the sidewalk. Curious as to what had caused this outburst, I put my head through the place in the window frame where a few seconds before glass had been securely fixed, and, looking down, I saw the neighborhood cop, his face purple with rage, start toward the front door of my humble dwelling. In one hand was his night-stick, while tightly clasped in the other was my orphan alarm clock.

Hastily I slipped on my trousers and, going to the front door, admitted the furious officer of the law, who immediately grasped me by the shoulder and insisted on escorting me to the station, in courtly fashion. After much persuasion on my part he finally assented to allow me to fully clothe my bony frame, and I went back to my room with my "friend," John Law, at my heels.

On the wall of my room hangs a card, on which are printed all the signals of my Brotherhood. When he saw this card the purple in the policeman's face slowly receded, and an expression of friendliness supplanted that of anger. We shook hands as all members of the order should, using the reverse English on the thumb. Then he spoke, "You won't have to go to the station for 'crowning' me with that alarm clock, brother. I understand." And as he went out his voice floated back: "Everything is OKMNX."

Raphael Coffey, '28

AN INCIDENT IN THE PRIVATE LIFE OF PHAROAH

or

An Egyptian Romance in the Year 3,000 B. C.

(Introduction) And it came to pass that a time of great famine fell upon the children of the Nile. For once that mighty river failed to rise and fill the banks with a layer of fertile soil. The Royal Palace was in confusion. Every day saw thousands flocking to the gates for wheat. At last Pharaoh ordered a great council to be held, with pagan pomp, on the steps of the palace. Heralds went through the city and proclaimed the council even to its utmost barriers.

* * * * *

Finally the appointed day came. A great mob had assembled before the steps, awaiting the coming of Pharaoh. An hour passed; still he had not appeared. The mob murmured, grew louder, and finally surged toward the palace. The combined efforts of the entire Royal Guard, coupled with a battery of machine guns, were needed to quell the near riot. Suddenly the night-gowned figure of their haughty ruler was seen on an upper balcony.

"What the dickens is all the noise about?" roared Pharaoh. "Where's my breakfast?"

"Hush, my lord," said Paranees, commander of Pharaoh's armies, and also his chief adviser. "Your Majesty forgets that you are not clothed."

Pharaoh suddenly became aware of his royal pajamas, and, blushing violently, disappeared into his chamber.

Within a quarter of an hour the most exalted, majestic, august, noble, sedate, illustrious, magnificent, and sublime Lord of Egypt reappeared on the upper balcony in all his dignity, stateliness, and potli-ness. Behind him his eight-foot Sudanese slaves carried the great golden throne.

Pharaoh sat down; he sat, not on the throne, but on the marble floor of the balcony, with a thud that shook the palace from end to end.

A hearty gee-haw from Amenx, heir to the throne, drew the wrath of Pharaoh upon him. "To the dungeons," he roared, "and torture him till he names his bootlegger."

"Now," said he, turning to the people, "what do you mean by waking me at this hour?" (About 2 p. m.)

Paranees returned, "The keeper of the granaries reports no wheat for this season, due to the fact that the Nile has not overflowed and--"

"Have you any corn-flakes?"

asked Pharaoh thoughtfully.

"— and consequently we have assembled to ask what is to be done," continued Paranees, not heeding the interruption.

Pharaoh sat and thought, then with ponderous tread walked about the balcony. Suddenly stopped and cried, "I've got it."

"I shall send messengers to four winds to discover a land plenty. You, Paranees, shall go the north and west; you, Fl, to the south and east. Return in month. Away."

Then he turned to his slaves. "Bring hither our New Model Fords and prepare them for a journey." In a few moments Powerful Fords swept away.

* * * * *

A month has passed. Once more we see that vast assemblage before the palace steps. Pharaoh is smoking a cigarette, sipping lemonade, and entertaining the populace with his radio. Suddenly there hove in sight a lizzie; battered, dusty, and partly tired.

Paranees stepped out, and with a haughty tread began the ascent of the steps, but slipped on a banana peel. Somewhat ruffled he handed Pharaoh a message which he read a few hours:

"I am queen of a land of plenty, and if you'll marry me I'll give you all the whole wheat bread you desire. (Signed)

Cleopatra

Pharaoh tapped a brass gong, and in a moment four slaves trundled out the Royal Pontiac six. He perintended the preparation for journey. A case of his bootlegged best, a carton of Camels, and a bouquet of roses and a box of chocolates with which to woo his future bride, were stored in the rumble seat. In a moment he was off.

* * * * *

Beyond a few blowouts nothing disastrous befell our hero, and a short time he came to the tent of Cleopatra. With his roses and chocolates behind him, he entered the tent, gasped, "What th—" In the arms of Mark Antony lay Cleopatra. Perceiving Pharaoh, she shrieked and swooned. Pharaoh whipped his automatic, and in a moment Mark Antony lay upon the cold ground.

Seizing Cleopatra in his maternal arms, he staggered to the door. A young man named Lindbergh stood near an airplane.

"To Niagara Falls," said Pharaoh as he clambered into the plane.

"O K M N X," was the reply as the airplane rose gracefully and disappeared in the distance.

Milton Weimer '30

RESOLVED.

It's ages since you left.

Life could end for all I care. I would live on memories.....

A slim strand of golden hair.

In my heart there is no joy,
(I cannot seem to forget);
Yet now that it's over and done,
There is nothing I regret.

Regret is too foolish by far;

Regret is a senseless thing—
The past is gone, and I now live

In the present—I will sing.

Richard La Fond

THE MOST INTERESTING THING
IN THE WORLD

"All the world's a stage,
And men and women merely play-
ers."
Main street, whether or not so by
me, is the nucleus of the town's
activities, the magnet clinging with
people. People are different. Big,
little, old, young, rough, rude, and
varied make up the milling, moving,
multitudinous mass of humanity,
which, for me, formulates interest.
Standing on a corner, there is my
study. People passing. Some slow-
ly; some quickly; some in a group;
crowding now; now stopping to
size; oh, it's wonderful!
Here comes a man, grimy, un-
shaven, and stooped. He carries a
dunking, tin dinner bucket. He is
dreaming. Home is his object—the
hazy his dream. On he plods—
lost in the crowd.

Now I hear music! Crude, shrill,
yet sweet. It's a blind man walking
slowly and playing wholeheartedly
as he walks. He, too, is dreaming!
Home; comfort and quiet; a fire-
place and—more dreams. A bump
from a rude passer. His dreams shat-
tered. His pace quickens—lost in
the crowd.

While the bustle of the sidewalk
and parkway momentarily lags, my
attention is claimed by the buzz of
the vehicles. Foremost is a wealthy
collegian in his gaudy speedster,
pumping his melodious French horn
impertinently. Between him and
the changing signal is another col-
legian, indifferent, daring, and
proud. He haughtily blocks the
former's way with his rusty, riot-
ously bedecked wreck.

Down the line of cars, massive
and minute, rapacious and revelent,
the mirrors reflecting their owners.

When I see people in black I know
they are melancholy, sorrowful, or
their lives are consecrate. When
a youth flits by, it is a bright dress
or flashing suit that catches my
eye. The children go by crying
loudly, on their skates or scooters;
some skipping, some running, all
and always happy. So, too, middle
age displays a contrast. They are
more mature and candid, both in
their speech and actions.

Thus, as I stand on the corner, it
is my pleasure, to determine, either
by imagination or fact, each person's
thoughts, dreams, ideals, and state
of this great, interesting, thrilling,
dramatic play—life.

Thornton Farnan '28

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

There was something familiar
about the woman who had taken up
her abode in the small town of Rick-
ardsville. Everybody in the village
thought so, and, as was the custom,
all depended upon Adam (Dammy)
Johnson, the town's one and only
private detective, to unravel the
mystery.

Dammy therefore shined up his
badge and cleaned and loaded his
ancient horse pistol. This was his
first case, and he was going to solve
it as only a great detective like
Adam Johnson could.

It was the tenth of June. The
stranger had been in town exactly
two months. Dammy had been on
the job just six weeks and was still

GRADUATION DAYS



baffled, though of course he would
not admit it.

The night was cloudless, a light
breeze blew from the northwest.
The village loafers sat on the front
steps of the general store discussing
politics, war, and the "Stranger."

Joe Hinkle, the town shiek, was
sure that she was none other than
"Subway Sadie" an arch woman
criminal, who had recently escaped
from the penitentiary. Dammy's
line of thought, on hearing this,
veered in the same direction, and
the rest agreed that she fitted the
description perfectly.

When the clock which hung over
the flour bin chimed the hour of ten,
the yokels took their departure.
Dammy's path homeward led him past
the stranger's cottage.

As he approached it, he noticed
that all the lights except one were
out. Not a sound broke the silence
of the peaceful evening. Dammy
was gliding along as noiselessly as
his rather large feet would permit,
when suddenly the silence was
pierced by a blood curdling shriek.
His heart struggled to displace his
adam's apple, as he stood trembling,
transfixed to the spot. Again that
heavy, and this time, paralyzing si-
lence. Then the back door of the
cottage slammed, and a 300 ft. ray
from a flashlight pierced the gloom.
Dammy, with one tremendous leap,
disappeared behind a tree. Two per-
sons were in the yard. He recog-
nized one as the mysterious woman's
chauffeur, and the other as the wo-
man herself. The chauffeur was
digging a hole, and the woman was
holding the light and a large bulky
sack.

Slowly but surely Dammy eased
out of his place of concealment.
Without a sound his long legs car-
ried him over a low hedge. Stealth-
ily, oh, so stealthily, he crept upon
the miscreants. Now was his time!

He would capture the murderer!
He was sure the sack contained a
human body!

As they were about to lower the
sack into the hole, Dammy, private
detective de luxe, and graduate of
the I. C. S. (he carried the diploma
in his pocket) bore down upon them,
and in two minutes they were in his
power, securely handcuffed.

Rushing them to the sheriff's of-
fice, he arraigned them before that
surprised official and told the story,
omitting not a phrase of the momen-
tous and awful tale, and silencing the
prisoners' effort to explain, with
grandiloquent and bombastic ges-
tures, with intermittent threats.

The sheriff complimented him on
his capture, and then, with a shud-
der, asked to see the contents of the
sack. Dammy produced the sack
with a flourish, and, depositing it
on the desk, cautiously proceeded to
untie it.

With face carefully averted from
the terrible contents, he turned it
upside down, and out tumbled the
corpse—that of a huge black tom
cat. Dammy felt as though he had
fallen from a great height, and what
was worse, had landed.

But he recovered quickly. "Wo-
man," he said, "you killed that feline
—a violation of code 263—referring
to cruelty to dumb animals!"

The sheriff laughed. This was
the unkindest cut of all; so with an
effort to be nonchalant, Dammy
sauntered through the door into the
night, in whose sheltering embrace
he sobbed: "If it had only been a
human corpse."

The whistle of an approaching
freight train called him back from
the dark memories of his unpre-
pared for and crushing downfall. He
ran to the track, boarded the train
and in a few moments was rolling
out of Rickardsville, pursued by the
encircling memory of the sheriff's

laugh. His mind was already fixed
on going to the city where he could
take a post graduate course in de-
tective work, and where his genius
would be appreciated.

The "Woman?" The noted widow
of a recent Wall St. broker, who
was recuperating for the fall social
whirl.

The "Cat?" He belonged to Miss
Samantha Smith, age 52, who lav-
ished on him the love she would
have shown towards the husband
denied her.

The "Reason" for the murder and
the burial of the Cat? His nocturnal
song prevented the Woman from ac-
quiring her much needed sleep.
Hence the fatal crime. She knew of
Miss Smith's attachment to the vic-
tim. Hence the caution of the burial.

Rickardsville has dropped back
again into the old ways, but now it
has no mystery to solve and gossip
about, and—alas! no private detec-
tive to bungle its mysteries.

George Martin, '29

LAOCOON

With firm steps and determined
eyes, the mighty Laocoon, priest of
Neptune, steadily approached the al-
tar of sacrifice. He was a tall, pow-
erful old man, with iron muscles
which majestically expanded and
contracted as he stalked forward. His
shapely head, slightly tilted upward,
was enveloped with dark brown
locks plentifully intermingled with
gray, which fell gracefully over his
shoulders. His mouth showed char-
acter—his every aspect proclaimed
that he was a man of quiet determi-
nation and unflinching justice.

Not far behind him followed his
two sons, youths of the same mettle
as their father. With princely dig-
nity they bore the sacrificial instru-
ments. They loved their venerable
parent, and delighted in complying
with his orders. It was indeed an
honor to assist in offering up this
huge ox—the best of his breed.

But just now their finely chiseled
features showed some anxiety. They
had not yet forgotten the words of
their father: "Quidquid id est, timeo
Danaos et dona ferentes." So earn-
est in his conviction had he been,
that he had deliberately thrown his
lance into the side of the wooden
horse. For this act, deemed by the
populace a sacrilege, he was now
being regarded with unfavorable
eyes.

As Laocoon neared the altar, he
was startled. A dull persistent lash-
ing came to his ears. If he had
turned about, he could have seen the
waves on the sea swelling rapidly,
and beating furiously upon the
shores. But Laocoon had no need
to see; he knew instinctively that
the sea was rising. His face showed
no emotion; none the less, he was
uneasy at heart. Some catastrophe
was about to take place; he had
that premonition.

Like a monarch approaching his
throne, the stately priest ascended
the steps of the altar. Slightly in
the rear followed his sons, keeping
step with the steady thrashing of
the waves. They too felt the clam-
my hand of Doom stretching out to
grasp them.

Suddenly the sun lost its bright-
ness. A vast cloud obscured its
gladsome light. Only a greenish-
(Continued on Page 6)

LAOCOON

(Continued from Page 5)
gray opaqueness shadowed the earth. Nature cowered under the awful ire of some wrathful deity. The beating of the waves became more and more pronounced; gradually it developed into a deafening roar.

Laocoon and his faithful sons wheeled about facing the sea, as did every one else in the vast assembly. Enormous mountains of water rose high into the air, to fall back foaming into the frothy ocean. Far in the distance something, indistinct as yet, was seen to advance over the lofty crests. As it neared the shore, the crowd could discern that this vague something was two hideous snakes, of supernatural size and excessive loathsomeness. They were of astounding length, and of a disgusting, moss green color, with occasional patches of nauseating yellow. Their eyes were rolling spheres of pale green, from which drops of slimy liquid trickled. With devilish contortions, these repulsive pythons coiled and recoiled, always side-ling to the altar, where the noble priest resignedly awaited—he knew not what.

The massive crowd, stupefied with horror, slunk back, then prostrated itself upon the earth. Laocoon stood rigidly upon the highest step, steadily gazing at the advancing monsters. On either side of him stood his sons, anxiously waiting to defend him, if the opportunity should present itself. Their blanched faces expressed no agitation. Calmly they watched the approach.

As if with a definite aim, the slimy monsters, undulating heinously, reached the foot of the altar. The sticky fluid now flowing from their eyes, emitted a sickening odor, which for a single instant weakened the waiting trio. Springing to the upper step, in that instant the sneering serpents wrapped their fatal coils about the helpless victims. Strong as he was, the mighty Laocoon could not withstand their stifling clutch. His two offspring were being dealt with in like manner.

Fold after fold of the death dealing pythons encircled the group, and held them as in a vise. Nothing could save them. Their bones snapped like twigs; their flesh was sadly mutilated. In a few moments the struggle was over, and with hellish hissing the yellow fiends slid back into the sea.

At the top of the marble altar lay a shapeless mass of pulp; the result of the faithful Laocoon's warning against the wooden horse. In life faithful to his priestly duties—in death a hero.

Joseph Meinert, '28

NATURE

It is now almost dark and the gaunt oak and pine trees are shedding their last, short shadows over the turf that bears them. A delicious, puissant odor of balsam arises on every side. Over to the uncertain west, looms a great hill, fantastically silhouetted against the faded sky. Pulchritude holds dominion over all.

Except for the occasional croaking of a wise old grandfather frog in the adjoining marsh, or the low rhythmical note of a drowsy quail,

A FAREWELL

This is the last time the older members of the C. A. Staff will take part in its publication, and the last time many of the Seniors will read the paper. Our hearts are full; a little catch comes into our throats; we become pensive. We forgive any slight grievances against our departing fellow-students, for they are leaving us. Leave-takings should be thus. Although we may be doubted, because of our lack of originality, we persist in saying that we have looked up to the 4th Acs, trusted them, relied on them. Now they are going—some to college, others

"But who shall so forecast the years

And find in loss a gain to match?

Or reach a hand thro' time to catch

The far-off interest of tears?"

We, the "cubs" of the C. A., thank the veterans for their guidance, instruction, and example, and we wish them together with all the Seniors, bon voyage. There! we can say no more, not, at least, with these cold, matter-of-fact things called words. Our feelings are just a little deeper. We trust you understand.

J. D. E. '29

the serene solitude remains undisturbed. (There is a faint sound, as of the whispering of a bell—probably the signal for frolicking boys to retire to their homes—but it is too vague, too weak, to interfere with the welcomeness of the silence). The little inconspicuous creek which trickles through no particular bed offers no offense by crossing my path. Nature would be incomplete without it.

When I long for a clearing to relieve me of the growing monotony of narrowness, one almost magically springs up ahead; if I wish light to comfort me in particularly black places, immediately I am surrounded by an ostentatious display of dancing fireflies; when hunger creeps upon me, some kindly bush is always there to lend me some of its tasty berries, or if I tire of them, the brook is always too glad to give up a few of its many fish and turtles for my breakfast.

In short, love, content, and happiness are all one in these environments. I am away from the cruelty and hardship that so predominate in the outer world. Land is free and flowing; sunsets are more beautiful; space is plenty. Everything is different, and better than the cold disdain of a seething city, where great sirens shriek and rend the air, and where the clash of steel against steel and wheel against wheel is the only company in the parlor.

My home is never lacking in cheer, for I read to the tune of the singing birds that perch on the antique, unused chandelier; and though the old-fashioned knocker is never used, the sturdy door is marred in many places where a saucy squirrel tried to gain access by biting and scratching the panels, or where a woodpecker's bill went eagerly in and came disappointedly out.

I need never lock the windows or even pull them down, for a screen of impenetrable briar bushes spreads in front of them. I have a church on Sundays just as big as the outside, and my congregation is very attentive. Ghosts never bother me, because there are no people around to see them or impersonate them.

Thus I have nothing to be afraid of, and everything to be thankful for when time permits me to come here.

Edward Schroeder '30.

Memoirs of Vacation, 1927

Remember way back when? That's our vacation—gone but not forgotten. We can't forget; fitting reminiscences of good times con-

sole our every move.

When it's hot and stuffy these afternoons, our minds wander from our studies and we dream of the swimming hole, of the slide we made on the steep gumbo bank, and of the discomfort caused our tender upholstery by the "foxtail" which an unceasing breeze lodged upon its slippery surface.

And, too, we remember how, when up to Rapid, a kelinator soda fountain was our only aid in keeping cool with Coolidge; and how a spade and two willing arms were the soul saving means of keeping us from using flies instead of worms in pursuing those "one-man" dogfish—the Grace Coolidge trout.

Thinking of Cal and his many robes and roles, it occurs to us how, by witnessing an Indian pow-wow, the bottom could quickly be knocked out of many a Campfire Girls' "back to nature" ideals; and also out of the picturesque aspirations of a few Easterners whose whole summer was spent in imaginative caricaturing of our nation's guardian as Chief of the Sioux and champion buster of all electric twisters. (On his vacation this summer, the President was truly the people's man; but being lionized by either a loving or a fault-seeking public is no vacation. If you don't believe it, ask Charlie Lindbergh—he knows! No wonder our Presidents are usually weary and half-spirited men at the end of their period of service—a billion people can be terribly hard on one well-meaning public servant!)

Scenes fade, and our dream fancies shift to different locations and less memorable instances. We smile as we recall the occasion of our first visit to a country barn dance. How novel the music, a fiddle and an accordion, sounded to us as it poured forth pieces ranging in antiquity from "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" backwards!

How comical the antics of a Norwegian couple attempting to execute the intricacies of a waltz or a two-step! And how noisy! Hobnails on the cornmealed planks and on the shoes of corn whiskied men!

How humorous and undistinguishable the callings of the toothless Yankee pioneer directing the Square dance or Flying Dutchman!

And how late the hour seemed on the way back! Three A. M., after weeks of retiring at eight or half past!

We remember riding home beneath the millions of stars. Our horses loping—ourselves dozing and dreaming of things and girls, and

moonlight—and wondering, perhaps what Vacation, 1928 would have store for us.

John Martin

THE HAUNTED WINDOW

It was just an ordinary-looking window in an ordinary-looking house. The frame was old-fashioned, panes clear and perfect. The oak sill was just three feet above the floor, and the entire window measured only four feet. Yes, commonplace enough.

The view beyond was lovely: a grove of restless cottonwood lay below, and, farther away, a peaceful river pursued its course. Probably years ago, behind the curtain of Civil War days, steamboats had plied up and down the blue stream, and some of their gentry remained in the purple that overhung the water on dreary summer afternoons.

June's nights brought soft, sighing swishes of a cottonwood tree against my window. It was a ghostly sound yet strangely restful, mingled with the occasional lonely hoots of an owl in the forest. A gentle breeze would cause the window sash to rattle dismally in its confines.

The frosty nights of autumn brought a soul for my window. A mournful sigh of the desolate grove found sympathy in the inevitable bump-bump of the sash. The golden moon cast magic spectres upon the opposite wall of the room, and the dancing madly about as the capricious breezes tossed the cottonwood to and fro.

On cold winter evenings when the wind howled fiercely outside, the window rattled uneasily and significantly. It was more trying to the nerves than a creaking staircase, a whistling chimney-place, or a heavy sash bumped incessantly by a mysterious tattoo in accompaniment of the sharp blast. It seemed as though tireless fingers were tapping on the pane and seeking shelter from the elements. Sometimes in desperation, I would look, only to find myself staring at my own mocking half-reflection in the glass.

When April came with its shower and balmy promises of warmth, the gentle patter of raindrops against the window was soothing, yet somehow sound seemed somehow haunted with the faded spirits of the bud forest. The peaceful spring zephyr rattled the panes in a melancholy song of memory.

I have often thought of having the sash of the window adjusted, somehow I always concluded that would be a pity. True, it has been an uneasiness for me, but still it has been an enchantment that should not be sacrificed. Windows, like people, are generally commonplace, and that possesses such character as to be kept and treasured.

Edmund Linehan,

THE FACTORY.

Rows, rows, rows of sash and doors. Rows, rows, and still they're making more.

Saws, saws, shrieking out a song;

Saws, saws, sawing all day long. Work, work, working night and day. Work, work, yet no raise in pay. Thornton Farnham

PLATTEVILLE DEFEATS THE GALLOPING GUBS

Badgers Take First Home Meet By Nine Points

Opening the home track season here last Saturday, the Platteville gentlemen, after an afternoon of punning and hopping about, defeated the Academy gentlemen by the score of 65½ to 56½.

Taking first place in eight of the fourteen events and placing in all of them, Platteville gave a very able exhibition of "how to do it," but the Gubs, considering the lack of experience of many on the team, weren't so worse, by a long shot. Speaking of long shots, Scott of Platteville, broke all Academy meet records by pushing the adult toothpick 175 feet ½ inches. Another Academy record bit the dust when Kolfenbach ran the half-mile in 2:15.8. Sandke was clocked in 10 flat for the hundred, but the knowing ones say the timer must have missed a couple of tenths.

Capt. Runde gathered in first place in his specialties, the 220 and the 440, while Kolfenbach, in accordance with his usual custom, broke the tape in the mile and 880. Sandke took first in the 100 and was a close second in the 220. Kies and Piquette of Platteville, did a twin act by tying for first in the pole vault; Gehrig, another galloping Gub, placed second in the broad jump and discus, as did Schroeder and Finley in the high jump, Baldus in the 880, and Holbach in the high hurdles. The half-mile relay was roped in by Sandke, Pothoff, Kolfenbach and Runde in the good time of 1:39.8.

Summaries:

100 yards—Sandke (C.), 1st; Runde (C.), 2nd; Scott (P.), 3rd. Time, 10 flat. Mile run—Kolfenbach (C.), 1st; Cushman (P.), 2nd; Walters (P.), 3rd. Time, 5:06.4.

120 high hurdles—Horn (P.), 1st; Holbach (C.), 2nd; Steffens (P.), 3rd. 17.5. Shot put—Dorn (P.), 1st; Miller (P.), 2nd; Gehrig (C.), 3rd. 41 ft. 2½ in.

Pole vault—Kies and Piquette (P.), tied for 1st; Schwartz (C.) and Gierens (P.), tied for 3rd. 10 ft.

220 yards—Runde (C.), 1st; Sandke (C.), 2nd; Steffens (P.), 3rd. 24.8.

220 low hurdles—Horn (P.), 1st; Scott (P.), 2nd; Holbach (C.), 3rd. 27.8.

Discus—Dorn (P.), 1st; Gehrig (C.), 2nd; Hoadley (P.), 3rd. 108 ft. 5 in.

440 yards—Runde (C.), 1st; Hoadley (P.), 2nd; Stiles (P.), 3rd. 55.6.

High jump—Horn (P.), 1st; Schroeder (C.) and Finley (C.), tied for 2nd. 5 ft. 6 in.

880 yards—Kolfenbach (C.), 1st; Baldus (C.), 2nd; Funk (P.), 3rd. 2:15.8.

Javelin—Scott (P.), 1st; Gabel (P.), 2nd; Baldus (C.), 3rd. 175 ft. 5½ in.

Broad jump—Steffens (P.), 1st; Gehrig (C.), 2nd; Kolfenbach (C.), 3rd. 19 ft. 11 in.

Half-mile relay—Columbia (Sandke, Kolfenbach, Pothoff, Runde). 1:39.8.

Half-mile relay—Columbia (Sandke, Kolfenbach, Pothoff, Runde). 1:39.8.

KEARNEY, KOESTER, WALDBILLIG WIN

On May 7 the third and last of the Elocution Contests for first Academics was held, Clarence Kearney of C division, Carl Koester of B, and Raymond Waldbillig of D division winning the vote of the judges.

As in former contests, each First Academic had to prepare three selections: "Vive la France," "Recession," and an excerpt from one of President Wilson's speeches. The contestants were drawn by lot to represent their divisions, and the competition was close in every case.

GUBS WILL HAVE HARD SCHEDULE

Six Tough Gridiron Games Slated So Far

The Academy football and basketball schedules are not yet available for publication, according to an announcement made by Father Patnode, but the six gridiron contests so far arranged promise to be exceptionally good ones.

The season opens on Oct. 6, with Galena, in the Illinois city, to be followed a week later by a trip to Savanna. These games, no matter what the score, have always been known to the players as "gruelling" contests.

Two other trips are scheduled: to Beaver Dam for the Wayland game on Oct. 27, and to Campion on Nov. 3. Nothing more need be said, as these two Academies offer the classiest of opposition and both will be eager to turn the tables after the defeats of last fall.

Des Moines Catholic Academy will be seen in action here for the first time on Nov. 17. This and the Turkey Day battle with St. Ambrose will give Dubuque fans an opportunity to see the Gubs pitted against some real opposition, and will be a fitting finale for the season.

Two dates, Oct. 20 and Nov. 10, are still open. It is hoped to complete the schedule, and also arrange the basketball schedule, as soon as the College schedules are announced.

THREE ACADEMIES MEET AT PRAIRIE

Campion, Ambrose and Columbia Stage Triple Affair Wednesday

The track at Campion will be "very warm" May 30, when scantily clad athletes, sporting the colors of St. Ambrose, Columbia and Campion, endeavor to outdo each other and carry off the symbol of victory, the loving cup.

In this second annual meet, Columbia will try to retain the cup won last year and St. Ambrose and Campion will attempt to take it from us.

St. Ambrose is the dark horse of the meet; little will be known of their strength until tomorrow. Campion is reputed to have an able team, having lost to Platteville by the small margin of two points, and showing exceptional strength in the dashes, the jumps, the pole vault, the shot put, the low hurdles, the 440, and the half-mile relay. The Crimson and Black are expected to make a strong bid for tomorrow's Mississippi Valley Meet.

But with their third meet behind them tomorrow, the new members of Cretzmeyer's crew should be in shape to back up the old reliables. It will be a real meet.

John Powers, Peter Potthoff, Charles Rhomborg, Joseph Graham, Clarence Donovan, Ed Grohens, John Cunningham, John Lyons, and George H. Becker were the other contestants. While not perfect, they made it the best of the three contests for stage presence, distinct enunciation, and interpretation.

The Judges were Raphael Sherman, Thorton Farnan, and Father Fitzgerald.

INTRAMURAL

MAJOR LEAGUE

4 B won a hard fought game from 3 C by a score of 5 to 3. The game, which was played May 3, was a play-out of a tie resulting from a previous game. Holbach and E. Kelly led the attack for 4 B, while Torni and Sheehan were the stars for 3 C.

The score was "5 up" at the end of a nine-inning battle, which was fought Friday noon. May 4, between 4 B and 3 A. Conforti and E. Kelly starred for 4 B. McNally and Ulbrich played a fine game for 3 A.

4 C defeated 3 B by the decisive score of 17 to 2 in a game played May 3. Theobald, Higgins, and Tangney led the attack for 4 C, while Quinlan and Peron were 3 B's strong men.

3 A was the victor over 4 A by a score of 3 to 2 in a hard-fought game played May 10. 4 A gained their points in the first inning and, although they fought hard, they were unable to score the remainder of the game. 3 A scored their runs during the 3rd, 7th, and 8th innings. Ulbrich, Kies and Brede played a fine game for 3 A, while Kolfenbach and Kreiser starred for 4 A.

4 B won a nine-inning game from 3 B, by a score of 11 to 7, May 15th. 3 B didn't seem to be able to gather momentum until the end of the fifth inning. From that time on they played fair ball. Gerber, Kelly, and Schares were the outstanding men of 4 B, while Fitzpatrick and Quinlan starred for 3 B.

4 C won a four-inning game from 3 C, by a score of 10 to 1, last Tuesday afternoon. Theobald and Tagney were the high lights of 4 C; Sheehan upheld the standard for 3 C.

3 A defeated 4 B in an 8-inning game, 11 to 5. The game, which was played May 11, was a play-out of a tie resulting from a previous game. McNally and T. Kies were 3 A's strong men, while the playing of E. Kelly and Gerber was praiseworthy for 4 B.

MINOR LEAGUE

On May 3, 2 A again slipped over the home plate to a victory. This time 1 C was the vanquished foe. The battle ended with the score of 3 to 2 in favor of 2 A.

May 7 saw the defeat of 2 C. 1 A, after losing their first game and winning their second, came out strong. The counters, 7 to 2, were in their favor. For the losers we'll say Trow played a nice game.

One of the upsets of the Minor League came May 9, when 1 B overwhelmed 2 D. Smith was the sole scorer for the second year team. The score was 2 to 0 in the Sophs' favor till the first of the 6th, when Weber crossed the plate, starting 1 B on their rampage. It ended 4 to 2.

The members of the 2 A team left their amulets home on May 11. Their "luckless hour" resulted in a 5 to 4 defeat by 1 A.

Bring your otoliths along next time, boys.

Horseshoe Tournament

Planned For Academy

Father Patnode hopes to climax this year's activities with a horseshoe tournament. Plans have been formed, and present indications point to a successful meet.

Although the interest in this form of sport has been somewhat lax this year (due to scarcity of horseshoes), it is expected that the tourney will produce a wave of enthusiasm. Since no one is barred (even faculty members being permitted to participate), the entrance list is expected to contain a large number of adherents of this old pastime. Upon the best point maker the Athletic Director intends to bestow a medal as a token of his ability in Columbia Academy's 1928 Horseshoe Tournament.

LUTHER HARRIERS DOWN VARSITY SQUAD

Columbia Net Team Triumphs

In an interesting and fairly close dual met at Decorah last Saturday afternoon, the Varsity track squad bowed to Luther, 79 to 57. The Norwegian lads showed good form in all events, and the margin of victory practically represents their superiority, though the Purple and Gold struggled fiercely to get the nod.

Two records toppled during the course of the matinee; Luther chose the occasion to clip the mile record by three-fifths of a second and to lower their 440 mark by a substantial 2 and 2-5 seconds. Luther's sensational victory in the half-mile relay was a feature of the day, as was the finish of the two-mile run, when Manson of Columbia nosed out Jordahl of Luther, by a scant yard and a half.

Ode, Jacobson, and Lately merited the glamor of being Luther's heroes of the day by their work, and Captain Russell, Palacios, and Cy Schieltz made very creditable showings for the Duhawks. We regret that we are unable to give a summary of the meet.

Columbia's Tennis Team balanced the pendulum of victory by conquering the Luther netsters, 2 to 0, for the second time this year. Jiggs Noonan, winning in straight sets, 6-3, 7-5, and Johnny Meyer, garnering two out of three, 5-7, 7-5, 6-3, turned the trick.

WILLIAM LEARY WINS TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

William Leary, by virtue of his well earned victory over Eddie Kolfenbach, by the score of 6-1, 7-5, and 6-3, yesterday won the tennis championship of Columbia Academy. Leary won the first set in easy fashion, but from then on, the loser tightened up and gave the champion a good battle, especially in the second set.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

First Round

Leary eliminated Ed. Linehan 6-1, 6-0; Farnan, Dixon 6-0, 6-0; Carl Koester, Kelzer 6-4, 6-2; E. Kelly, Ernsdorff 6-1, 6-1; E. Eulberg, J. Palen 6-3, 7-5; Lange, Willging 6-8, 6-3, 9-7; Flanagan, Kearns 8-6, 6-4; Kreiser, Shanahan 6-0, 6-1; Lorenz beat Rhomborg by a forfeit; Kerper, Schares 6-3, 6-4; Linn beat Cullin by default; Schwartz, La Fond 6-3, 6-0; Kolfenbach, Bertsch 6-4, 6-0; Leo won by default from Toner, as did Gerber from J. Carney, and Kenline from K. Eulberg.

Second Round

Bill Leary opened with a fast victory over Farnan 6-0, 6-1; E. Kelly beat C. Koester 6-4, 7-9, 6-1; Lange, Eulberg 7-5, 6-3; Flanagan, Kreiser 6-2, 4-6, 6-3; Kerper, Lorenz 6-1, 6-1; Linn, Schwartz 6-3, 6-4; Kolfenbach, Leo 3-6, 6-4, 6-1; Kenline, Gerber 6-1, 6-3.

Third Round

In the opening match, Leary was given one of the worst runs of the tournament by Emmet Kelly: 1-6, 6-3, 8-6. Kelly had match point on Leary twice. Lange fell victim to "Red" Flanagan 6-3, 6-4; Kerper lost by the same score to Del Linn. Kenline, who was slated to get to the finals, was eliminated by Ed. Kolfenbach in the biggest upset, by the score of 3-6, 6-2, 6-4.

Semi-finals

Bill Leary won his fourth match and the right to participate in the finals by subduing Flanagan 6-2, 6-3. By virtue of his victory over Del Linn, Eddie Kolfenbach became the other finalist, the sets being 6-3, 6-3.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE TALKS TO STUDENTS

Last Friday the student bodies of both College and Academy had the pleasure of attending a talk given by His Grace, Archbishop Keane.

The students always look forward to the visits of His Grace, and feel immeasurably bettered by his friendly, solicitous, and interesting talks. He, who, more than anyone else, is responsible for what Columbia is today, never forgets, amid the troubles and cares of so large an Archdiocese as Dubuque, to speak several times a year to the students, offering them the fruit of many years of experience, and ideas culled from universal reading such as only a scholar can discriminate.

As is fitting at the close of the year, the Archbishop spoke concerning vocations. His words were inspiring; who knows but that some of the graduates were rescued from the sea of indecision by the uplifting ideas of His Grace, and made up their minds to join the priesthood. The Seniors who are leaving will carry in their hearts the sentiments of the Archbishop, and the younger men, who have heard him for the first time, have now hitherto unknown pleasures and benefits to anticipate in his future informal lectures.

HISTORY CLUB NOTES

Last Friday night the American History Club dedicated its final formal meeting to the seniors of the Academy.

The meeting was under the gavel of Chairman Runde. Jim McParland gave a talk on "The Industrial Revolution and My Vocation." He was followed by Bob Rowan in a reading on "Labor and the Industrial Revolution and Capital," showing our progress from the stone age. Dick LaFond gave an extemporaneous speech outlining the work the seniors have done, expressing their good wishes and thanking the club for its benefits. The program was brought to a peppy close with a one-act play, "If Joe Were Josie." The characters were portrayed by Ed Sandke, John Evans, John Graham, and George Martin. Jack Higgins was the critic of the performance and gave a helpful appreciation.

* * *

The History Club Museum Contest will close next Wednesday. Thus far a great deal of interest has been displayed in the contest, and many noteworthy articles have been received. Three awards will be made the best contributors, taking into consideration quality and quantity.

And still more talent, Irv Oeth carried one of the roles in the Marquette Players' latest production on Thursday, May 10. The name of the show was the "Double Mystery."

We wonder if Irv was one of the mysteries, or both.

Eddie Kolfenbach is stopping the fast ones for the Lorenz Dry Cleaning Team.

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE YEAR

The boarders returned 93% strong. The first solemn initiation was staged, for boarders and day students.

Coach Cretzmeyer's "Gubs," captained by Paul Gehrig, emerged from the football season with a clean slate, piling up a total of 338 points to their opponents' 28 in the eight games played. Six of the champion outfit won All-State Prep Football honors: Eddie Kolfenbach, Elmer Conforti, Jim McParland, Jim McGuinn, Joe Holbach, and Captain Gehrig.

The Academy cagers also exhibited remarkable ability, finishing the season with a total of 369 points against the 221 of their opponents. Captained by Jim McGuinn and Eddie Kolfenbach, the Gubs won thirteen out of the fifteen games on their schedule, defeating at least once every team they opposed. At the close of the season, the team represented the Archdiocese in the National Catholic High School Tourney at Chicago. Ed. Sheehan was elected to pilot next year's cagers.

The Honor Roll throughout the year bore the names of forty-seven different students, with the finals still to come.

The Elocution Contests drew forth some sixty aspirants. Paul O'Neill '29, merited the first prize gold medal; Elmer Conforti '28, the silver medal, and Joseph Meinert '28, third prize.

Edmund Linehan '28, Donald Fischer '30, and James McGuinn '29, were awarded the gold medal, silver medal, and third prize, respectively, in the Short Story Contest, over a field of thirty-five entries.

In the Essay Contest, John Evans '29, won the gold medal, and John Martin the silver award, while Raphael Sherman '28, received third place. Forty-five essays were entered.

In the Verse Contest, selections by Melvin McGovern '31, and Edward Schroeder '30, won first and second place, respectively.

Elocution and Reading Contests for the First and Second Academics were established. Three contests were held in each class, the pictures of the winners being published in the Purgold.

Father Kelly organized two choirs: one for the Day Students, and the other for the Boarders.

Father Kessler founded a very active organization among his History students, known as the Academy American History Club. It has its own orchestra and dramatic section, the latter having presented various plays, especially "The Submarine Shell."

The Latin students won much praise for their exhibits at the Iowa City Conference.

The officers of the Senior Class of next year were elected. George Martin was named President; Paul O'Neill, Vice-President, and Herbert Wilging, Secretary and Treasurer, while the office of class-speaker was given to Alex Peryon.

Harry Smith '30, was chosen by his classmates to be assistant to James Kearns, next year's student manager.

During the year, the College Dramatic Club entertained us with some fine plays, such as "Everyman" and "Number 17." The Minstrels also

LORAS CRUSADERS HONOR MOTHERS

The Loras Crusaders held their annual Mother's Day banquet in St. Francis Hall last Sunday evening.

The affair was well attended, and proved itself a total success. After the dinner had been served several short addresses were delivered, and a very appropriate musical program was rendered. Monsignor Conry delivered the principal address, while Justin Conlin and his orchestra, aided by the vocal numbers of Vince Conlin, made up the musical part of the program.

performed. In these stagings some Academy students took part: Roman Schares, Joseph Meinert, John Fabish, Harry Rosecrans, Robert Clark, Lester Cooling, Wilfred Kress, Paul Frantzen, Ed. Sandke, John Higgins, and the Lawson Brothers.

Track brought out some seventy boys.

During the year, the Columbia students enjoyed various lectures. Among these were talks given by His Grace Archbishop James J. Keane, Dr. J. Walsh, Father Gehl, Chief Red Fox and several professors from Iowa University.

An extensive intramural program brought 140 students out for the lightweight football teams, with the kussellers and Teenie Weenies (boarder teams) becoming champs. About 90 played class basketball, while over 200 got into the class diamond ball games. Skating, skiing, tobogganing, horseshoe, and handball also had their devotees. And when this appears the Academy Tennis Champion will have been selected from the thirty-two entrants in the Tournament.

The Musical programs went over strong. The Navy Band, Shumate Brothers, Stanley Deacon, The Cosack Choir, and Harry Farbmans were special favorites.

The Propagation of the Faith was strengthened by the Remaining Committee.

"Gubs" arrived.

The Cee-Ay developed some excellent writers. Linehan made The Post and a reputation. The staff also held the first Annual Dinner.

The Retreat went over big.

Members of the Public Speaking Class gave talks in the Parochial Schools.

The Seniors got downtown for Macbeth.

The First Annual Meet for Catholic High Schools in the Mississippi Valley was held in Dubuque.

The Kodak Club furnished many snappy pictures to make the Academy section of the Purgold the best yet.

**Academy
Kodak Club**
Splendid Selection of
Keepsake Snaps

ORDER BEFORE MAY 25

LOCAL LITERATI

Every now and then a great springs up from the masses and comes one among millions. Some man is K. Eulberg. Stop, I you want to ask which K. Eul It's a good straightforward qu too. We regret that we cannot definitely. Both of these esti fellows have enviable records has been lord mayor of What Iowa, and president of the ba union, while K. has been capt the route 3 grade school del team and a double for Lon Ch Which is greater, K. or K.? would say K., and others K.; but whoa.

I'm afraid we all know too about Louie Ernsdorff, the coy ior. For instance, did you that he was the first American swim the English Channel? you? Well, you're wrong; he w Louie is undoubtedly the gre substitute center turned out by ryowen Tech., and when he con the Guttenberg Reserves the never lost a game. In fact, never played a game. He is on the few public men of America has never been photographed common advertisements. At point the interview stopped ably. Our reporter's pen ran di

WASTEBASKET

Dixon: "See this ring?"

Bosco: "Yah."

Art: "It belonged to a mil aire."

Leo: "Who?"

Red: "Woolworth."

Prof.: "What were Webster's words?"

LaFond: "Zyomtic, Zymurgy zymth."

Did the player who went out fly feel small?

She: "Ask to leave school. you're going to your cousin's eral."

McCauley: "Don't be foolish. cousin didn't die."

Koester Knox Kelser Kohl Kan

When you get a Shack do Bahl?

Physics Teacher (after lectur "Are there any questions?"

Schmitz: "Yes, Father. How you calculate the horse power of donkey engine?"

Progress

1872—Alice through the look glass.

1922—Alice through the shield.

John Thomas on the scales watched eagerly by two boys. dropped his cent, but the mach was out of order and only reg ed 75 lbs. "Good night, Bill," ed one of the youngsters in am ment, "he's hollow."

A man in Chicago died of old Miracles still happen.

SEE YOU NEXT YEAR.